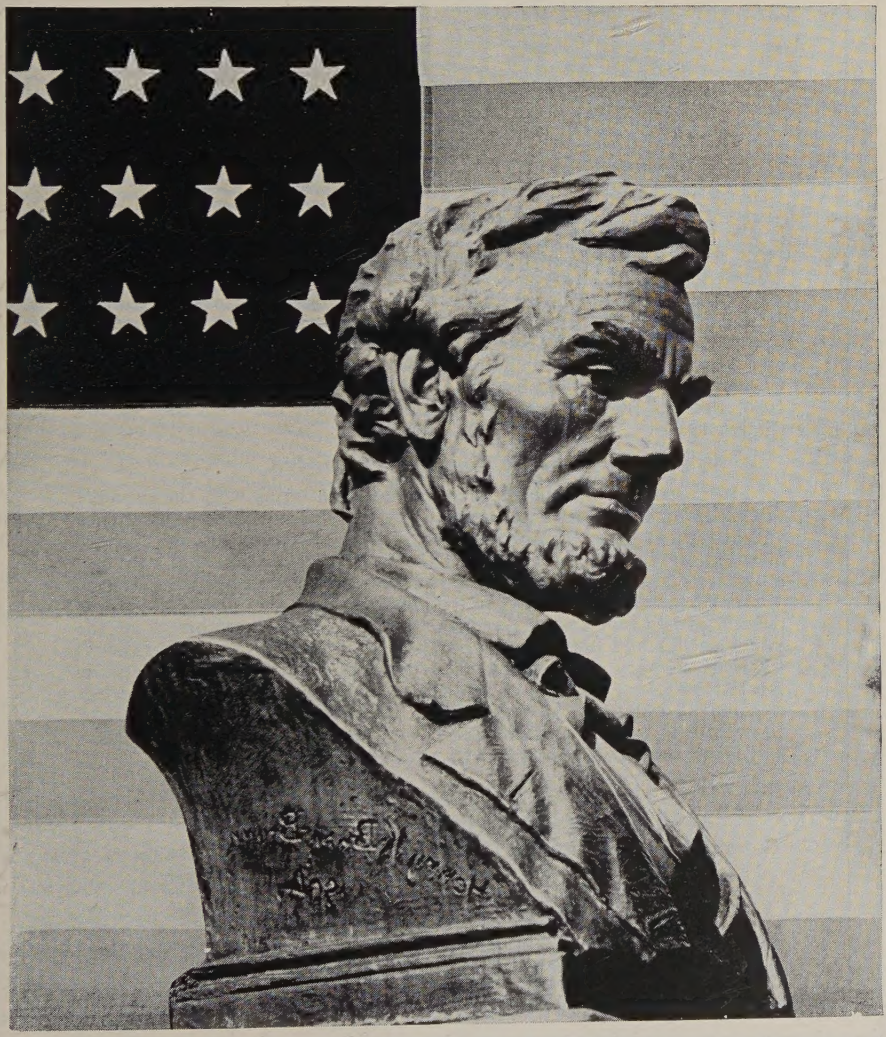
The Liberalist

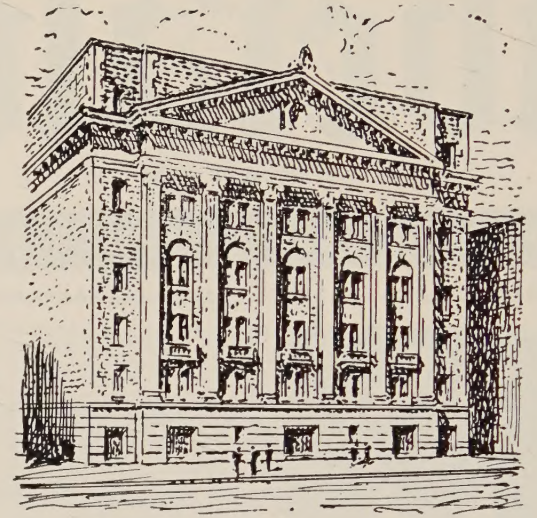
VOLUME XXXII FEBRUARY, 1956 Number 11

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



"Lincoln, come back, once more our prophet be. Lead forth the nations in a pact of peace."

Thomas Curtis Clark



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

AS I sit down to my desk to prepare this article for this month's issue of our Liberalist two weeks of a New Year have already passed. I am still in the glow of the beautiful holiday season which our church had. All of our Christmas events were of exceptional beauty and well supported. It made it somewhat difficult to have a midnight Christmas Eve service on a Saturday evening with the next day being Sunday and Christmas; and also a midnight New Year's Eve service on a Saturday evening with the next day being New Year's Day, yet we had fine congregations and the New Year's Day congregation was a surprise to us all. Now all of our plans are being made for the great climax of the church year, Easter Day, which will occur on April 1st.

We received a fine group of new members on the first Sunday of the year, and the next public reception of new members will be held on Easter Day.

All of the organizations of the church are in the midst of their Winter plans and schedules. The life of the church is in full swing, and, after all these many years, it is most encouraging to have the interest and the activity sustained.

The programs which the various organizations have presented have been of unusually high merit, and the remaining programs for the season are of exceptional interest.

The regular Wednesday Evening Book Lectures have started for the 23rd season. On the opening night I spoke on Anne Morrow Lindbergh's book, "Gift From the Sea," and the next Wednesday evening on Dr. Schindler's "How to Live 365 Days a Year." The books for the February lectures you will find on a subsequent page of this number. The attendance has been most gratifying.

I am in the midst of giving my annual January series of lectures in the auditorium of the main Chicago Public Library in the loop every Thursday noon at 12:15. Every lecture thus far has had a capacity audience. I have been giving these lectures for many years and enjoy the preparation which they entail and the opportunity which is presented city-wide for people who are in the loop on Thursday noon to spend a half-hour listening to a lecture about a book.

I must not fail to mention the development of interest in the work of our music. Our choir has more than doubled and by Easter Sunday every one of the 75 seats in the choir loft will be occupied every Sunday morning. Mr. and Mrs. Bennett have not only assumed the responsibility of our musical ministry but also have indicated their interest in the welfare of the entire church by their activity in various other channels. The pianist, Miss Karin Swanson, who grew up in our church, is an inspiring addition to our music.

We cross over into a New Year with a renewal of spirit and a deepening of our loyalty and love to the church and to its people whom we have served so long.

* * *

The legitimate theatre in Chicago has a difficult time. When June and I were in London there were 39 theatres open, practically all of them present-

ing worth-while drama and they were all packed at every performance. This was in mid-summer. In Chicago at the most only two or three good plays are available at one time, and sometimes not even any, and when a good play does come it is a humiliating experience for a Chicagoan to realize that it is short-lived. There are many reasons for this condition which need not take up our time at the moment but it is a fact nevertheless.

One of the most interesting as it is likewise one of the most significant plays which I have ever seen is the play, "Tea House of the August Moon." The play, with the great artist, Eugenie Leontovich, came to Chicago for what those of us who recognize the spiritual and intellectual importance of the theatre hoped would be a long, long time. It was superbly acted, it was faultlessly cast, it was artistically presented, and projected a great theme.

I was invited by the Friends of Drama to address their Annual Birthday Luncheon, when the entire cast of the play "Tea House of the August Moon" was present as guests of honor. I have given the address at each of the 30 annual luncheons which Friends of Drama have held. I have never missed one since its organization 30 years ago. At this luncheon I had the opportunity of renewing my friendship with Eugenie Leontovich, whom I first met many, many years ago here in Chicago, when she was playing that great play "Tovarich." Miss Leontovich was frequently the guest of honor at our Uptown Players Sunday Afternoon Teas which Jimmie presented. She was very interested in the creative theatre and was a great inspiration to him and all of our players.

I took her a copy of our Liberalist which was our memorial edition to J. Bradley Griffin and the work of our players. We had a most enjoyable visit together and discussed many aspects of the American theatre. She is one of the most remarkable women I have ever met. Born of a well-to-do Russian family, she was able to escape Russia at the time of the revolution and has never seen her native land since. She is a woman of great culture and of deep spiritual sensitivity. She has not been too active recently in the theatre, but has added laurels to herself and to her profession by her New York run in "Tea House of the August Moon" and by her Chicago engagement. Her role in the play was a natural for her and it was the finest interpretation of an historic personage I have ever seen in the theatre.

In our conversation she revealed clearly her concern for the theatre as one of the great arts and sources of cultural inspiration. Her comments to me after I had concluded my address were inspiring because she accepted wholly my interpretation of the theatre and its importance.

Miss Leontovich has established a school of the theatre in Los Angeles, where she is training young people in the art of the theatre against the background of a tradition for acting which has never been excelled. There was no better training for the theatre than presented by the Moscow Art Theatre in the days before art was prostituted by dictatorship and distorted by materialism. The Russian Theatre and the Scandinavian Theatre both were in the realistic tradition, with fidelity of characterization and projection of reality. I appreciate more than I can express the friendship which I have with Miss Leontovich and the inspiration which she was to us all at the luncheon. She has a modesty which is always attractive, a simplicity which is always strength, and a kindly, understanding spirit which is always inspiring.

It is disgraceful that there are not enough people in the Chicago area interested in great theatre to have kept this play in Chicago for a year or more. When I think of the kind of plays, with their cheapness and vulgarity, which attract the multitudes and remain for long runs, I begin to wonder just how basic is our culture and how permanent is our gadget civilization.

There are many indications in our contemporary world that materialistic achievement in this speed-and-tonnage age is not enough. The test of civilization is not the radio or television, but what one hears on the radio and sees on television. It is not how many hundreds of miles one can fly in an hour, but why one flies so many miles an hour. It is not the moving picture theatre, it is what one sees in the moving picture theatre. These constitute the real test of civilization and reveal the depth and quality of our culture. Therefore it is pure logic to deduce that the most important influences in our civilization are those that make for the culture of the spirit and ennobling of the soul. If materialistic prosperity and scientific achievement interfere with these things then, in spite of our education, our so-called revival of religion, our scientific advance, all is not well.

The Friends of Drama in our city are attempting to focus the attention of people who appreciate the theatre upon the best plays and to encourage those plays and actors. I am honored that through the years I have been invited annually to their birthday luncheon.

This year the President is Mrs. Wm. Bradley Harrison, who presided over the interesting affair with a graciousness and charm which endeared her to us all. As the years of one's life lengthen the importance and the beauty of the great friendships along the years become the sustaining factors in maturity.

* * *

14th of January, 1956

It is a familiar saying that the older one grows the faster time flies. I am verifying the accuracy of that observation every day of my life and thinking about it on this late Saturday evening.

Thirty-four years ago today 53 other men and myself sat down at a noon luncheon in the Chicago Club, which had been called by the Outdoor writer, Will H. Dilg. That occasion was the first meeting of an organization which has now become the most effective organization for conservation in this country — the Izaak Walton League of America. At that meeting I made the motion which resulted in the organization being called the Izaak Walton League of America. The previous summer I had spent in Europe and while in England I visited the ancient city of Winchester and the Winchester Cathedral. Izaak Walton is buried under the altar in Winchester Cathedral. I had always been devoted to his writing and had familiarized myself with as much of his life as possible. His book "The Compleat Angler" I have collected for many years. I have several first editions of it. I never go into a city but what I seek out the old second-hand book stores with the hope that I may discover some items for the collections which I make. I have long been a collector of the first editions of H. M. Tomlinson, who has written as impeccable English as any writer I know with the undeniable exceptions of Shakespeare and Milton. I have many first editions of Tomlinson and prize them highly.

I have been interested in the work

of the Izaak Walton League from the beginning. It is not an organization concerned merely with preserving the fishing and the hunting of sportsmen. That is altogether a distorted idea of the League. It is concerned with the whole field of conservation, the land, the forests, the lakes, the streams and one of its major interests is in the field of industrial pollution. This has been my most active enterprise and my busiest extra-curricular activity. Today there are more than 60,000 members all over the United States.

A few years after the organization of the League, in 1931, I was elected National President and served for three consecutive terms. Tonight, in the Old Heidelberg Restaurant, the national organization had an Anniversary Dinner, making me the Guest of Honor in recognition of the birth of the League 34 years ago, and of my becoming its National President 25 years ago. The large dining room in the Old Heidelberg was completely filled and an overflow found it necessary to eat in another room, coming into the banquet room at the beginning of the program.

It has been one of the great evenings of my life. The early beginning of the League was inspired by Will H. Dilg and founded by 53 other men. Some of the best known personalities in our country were active. Dr. Henry van Dyke, who wrote "The Story of the Other Wise Man"; Zane Grey, the great novelist; James Oliver Curwood, another great writer; and Emerson Hough, who wrote "The Covered Wagon"; Senator Hawes, of Missouri; ex-President Herbert Hoover, and many others have been identified with the work through the years.

Today the League is at the highest pinnacle of its activity and leadership. Tonight, at the Founders' Banquet, four former National Presidents were present. I was deeply touched to know that Former President William Wertz, of Dayton, Ohio; former President Judge John Tobin, of Iowa; former President Paul Clement, of Minnesota; and the present National President, Mr. Lou Dunten, of Indiana, had come in to Chicago for the affair tonight. The Illinois State Division sponsored the dinner.

There were 54 original founders. Of the 54 only 17 are living. They are widely scattered over the United States. Only five of the men who were present at the founding of the League 34 years ago were present at the dinner tonight. They were the Guests of Honor at the Speaker's Table, and I had the honor of presenting my dear old friends of the years to the audience. They were Mr. Edward M. Kazmer, from Chicago, in a wheel chair; Mr. Griffith G. Jones, from Racine, Wis.; Mr. Donald Frame, of Chicago, and Mr. Fitzhenry McCready Proudfoot of Chicago. These, with myself, were the only people present tonight who were at the original meeting in 1922. One of the richest experiences of my life has been the friendships I have made through the years with men and women throughout the nation who are interested in the preservation and restoration of our wild life and natural resources. The encroachment which is being made on our National Parks, our grazing land, our forests, our streams by the present-day industrial trend makes the League more necessary today than ever before.

I sent to every chapter in the United States a message to be read tonight, for all the chapters throughout the country are holding dinners this evening. Also, I made two recordings which were used at the dinners

throughout the State of California.

I received bundles of telegrams throughout the evening, which I shall carefully read in the days ahead and acknowledge. The first one that arrived was from Governor Stratton of the State of Illinois, and I am going to give it to you, not because of the personal reference, but because of the recognition which the League is receiving, and the manner in which we are attempting to meet the responsibility of our platform:

Springfield, Illinois

Dr. Preston Bradley,
President Emeritus,
Izaak Walton League of America,
31 N. State Street, Chicago

Illinois is proud of the record of the Izaak Walton League of America and its founders. Congratulations and my best personal wishes to you and your conservation organization on the 34th anniversary of the League's founding and the 25th anniversary of your election as one of its most illustrious presidents.

William G. Stratton
Governor, State of Illinois

To all who participated in the making of the arrangements, particularly to Mr. Ed Cooney, the Executive Director of the Izaak Walton League of America, to all the committees and chairmen and to all who attended, I want you to know that before I retire on this Saturday night, you have made my heart very glad and deepened my devotion to the League. Sunday morning will soon be here and I hope to carry over into the morning sermon something of the inspiration and joy which has come into my heart tonight.

* * *

Let us all maintain our interest and preserve our loyalty in the work of our church so that by Easter morning we will experience the exaltation which comes from devotion and love.

MEDITATION: SNAKES IN WONDERLAND

By GREGG CARTER

"GOD said unto Moses, 'What is that in your hand?' Moses answered, 'A stick.' And God said, 'Throw it down on the ground.' So Moses threw it on the ground and it became a snake; and Moses ran away from it. But the Lord said to Moses, 'Put out your hand, and take it by the tail'—so he put out his hand and caught it by the tail, and it became a stick again."

Most of us go through life so timidly that our little problems quickly run to become big ones; the sticks we hold in our hands too long become snakes. And these little problems, having become large ones, fall to the ground out of control—they hiss and coil to bite us. And can not each of us testify that a broken molar today is next year's toothache? It is often so much easier to put off a difficult task or decision until tomorrow. And we go straight down the highway to hell not because we can't read the road signs but because we can't muster the strength necessary to overcome the inertia of the direction in which we are drifting. We don't know who we are. We know we are making a mistake. And yet for some reason we seem unable to "pull ourselves together" and change the course of our lives. It is because we do not know ourselves for what we are.

(*Continued on page 9*)

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.....Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY.....Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON.....Business Manager

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR — TWENTY CENTS A COPY

Published on the First Day of the Month

Address All Communications to

THE LIBERALIST—941 LAWRENCE AVE., CHICAGO 40, ILL.

We assume no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, articles or poems.

EDITORIAL

ON the twelfth of this month, one hundred and forty-seven years ago, in a one-room cabin with a dirt floor, and lighted by one lonely window, Abraham Lincoln was born. From that lowly birth, through struggle and sorrow, he achieved fame and greatness and his life is an inspiring story to thrill and ennoble millions. Lincoln only lived fifty-six years as we count time, but he will live for all time.

He possessed that fundamental, elemental, primitive quality which is at the basis of all true greatness—his enduring sense of what is right and what is wrong. He had a prevailing accuracy in determining values. He wasn't very much of a politician, and he wasn't very much of a lawyer.

Homespun, angular, rough-hewn, his face so homely it was beautiful, sculptured by heart distress, he walked the highway of life alone. Standing on the back platform of the train that pulled out of Springfield for Washington, when he was on his way to the inauguration, and looking into the faces of his friends and neighbors who had gathered at the station to bid him farewell, Lincoln said: "Let me live to prove that we can cultivate the natural world that is about us and the intellectual and moral world that is within us, so that we may secure an individual, social and political prosperity whose course shall be forward, and which, while the earth endures, shall not pass away."

When a new day has dawned for civilization, there shall still be living, throbbing, breathing, vibrating, the noble heart of Abraham Lincoln. Another Lincoln may now be on the way in this torn and twisted world. When he comes, the great heart of humanity will see him; and he shall go on and on until that which is wrong shall be made right, and the desert shall blossom again like the rose, and every man and every woman shall have a chance by their own fireside to live life on the basis of beauty and peace.

When that new hour comes and the time dawns, at midnight, when it is dark and quiet, Lincoln will walk the battlements of the sky—tall, ungainly but altogether beautiful, and that face all lined and furrowed by the sculptor of grief and pain will smile; and he will be able to say, as he looks down upon the earth: "Ah! Right does make might, after all! The government of my people, for my people, and by my people has not perished from the earth!"

MEDIATION: SNAKES IN WONDERLAND

(*Continued from page 7*)

In our daily lives most of all we would like to be orderly and to take the advice of the King to the White Rabbit in *Alice's Adventure in Wonderland*: "The White Rabbit put on his spectacles. 'Where shall I begin, please your Majesty,' he asked? 'Begin at the beginning,' the King said, very gravely, 'and go on till you come to the end and then stop.' " But this advice seems too difficult for most of us think that our lives have something in common with the country ruled by the Red Queen in *Through The Looking Glass* by Lewis Carroll. The Queen says to Alice: "Here, you see, it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place. If you want to get somewhere else, you must run at least twice as fast as that." We imagine we have a good idea of the kind of lives we want to lead but the world in which we live requires all the running we can do. This is a mistake. Most of us have never even begun to tap our inner strength because we do not know who we would like to become.

We hear a lot about peace of mind in our day. It is certainly true that we live in an anxious world and all of us need to be reassured from time to time. But we have to live with our fears—for a large part of our fears are real fears and healthy in that they keep us alive to the possibility of growth, of change, of newness. One of the real fears we should have today is of the peace of mind disease because it is all too often nothing more than a sedative. Beware of those who tell you that if you just have "faith" everything will be alright; go to sleep and be happy. It is not true. Refuse mental sleeping pills. Wake up and live by facing yourself.

If half the energy that is expended today in telling people that they can be happy, "successful," and popular were spent in telling them the truth, in telling them that happiness can come only from understanding and accepting oneself and others for what they are, both good and bad, we should note a marked improvement in the quality of American life within a decade. Difficult as life is, much more than Peace of Soul, I prefer the Mind Alive. The purpose of this church is to help you keep your mind alive. We believe that it is the truth which makes us free—and alive; the truth about ourselves, our friends, our enemies, and the world we live in. If you have a false picture of yourself you have to run twice as fast to keep from finding out about yourself. Stop running away. Face the fact of who you are with all of your limitations and possibilities. When you come to know yourself thus, you will be able to put out your hand and take life by the tail.

A Prayer: O God, in spite of this muddled world of muddled thinking and muddled living, generate in us the energy to seek to know ourselves as we truly are. Give us that freedom which comes of knowing our limitations and our possibilities. Endow us with the courage to reshape ourselves and the world we live in. And, O God, grant us the serenity to accept what cannot be changed; the courage to change what can be changed; and the wisdom to know one from the other. Amen.

"WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY?"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

Sunday, November 27, 1955

IT is beyond the capacity of any one individual within the confines of one sermon, to exhaust, with any degree of satisfaction, adequacy or completeness, an answer to the question which is the subject of the sermon today, be that sermon long or short. The question is WHAT IS CHRISTIANITY? If I had hours and days and weeks to develop an answer to that question I would still fail! If I had the greatest mind that had ever come out of the evolution of mentality I would still be inadequate! There are many approaches that one could make in an effort to answer the question, *What is Christianity*? Perhaps the best way to begin would be by an effort to clarify what Christianity *is not!*

Most of us have pretty well-defined ideas and rather well-established opinions on what we think Christianity is! Some of us do not possess the same well-established thinking about what Christianity is not! We can approach the subject by thinking of Christianity in terms of ecclesiasticism, and the other word for ecclesiasticism is "Churchanity". We cannot identify Christianity with mere ecclesiasticism or "Churchanity"—it is not that! Christianity is not a mere organization, no matter how old that organization might be or how that organization has weathered the constant attacks against religion down through the centuries, attacks which are being increased now with ever-increasing fury. We cannot speak of Christianity as something which is exclusively found only within the fabric and the confines of organizational activity! Neither, I think, can we say that Christianity is a creed! I have never been able to accept the idea that any group of men, or any one man, no matter how he may claim the right of inspiration, has ever possessed sufficient intellectual comprehension and moral sensitivity to incorporate the entire truth of Christianity into any creed! I cannot find in any of the creeds—The Apostles' Creed, the Athanasian Creed, any of the historic and traditional creeds of the church—anything that answers, for me, all of the implications of what constitutes Christianity! All of the creeds are honest efforts of men, honest efforts to solidify their comprehension of Christ and of Christianity, but I do not believe that any creed has yet been written in any ecclesiastical organization or in any church that has been sufficiently comprehensive to include all of the truth of Christ! In that respect all of the creeds are limited, and any definition of God or Christ can, at the best, only be the limited expression of minds incompetent to incorporate all of truth!

I do not believe there has ever been a definition of God which is wholly adequate! I do not believe that you will find in sacred or secular literature, from the poet or the theologian or the scientist, a definition of God that contains *all* of the truth of God! It is simply beyond the possibility of the human mind to comprehend the full scope of the cosmic intelligence of God! Therefore, all of the creeds are but efforts, and most of them feeble efforts, to outline the truth of Chris-

tianity—and none contain all of the truth, any more than a bay of Lake Michigan is Lake Michigan! The creeds are the bays of the universe and they take what little segment they can possibly understand, and that is the best they can do! Every time I come to the church I pass Belmont Harbor, but Belmont Harbor *is not* Lake Michigan! It is only *a part* of the lake—and the creeds are only the little harbors of the greater truths of God! So Christianity *is not* a creed, and for any ecclesiastical institution or organization to make it one of the requirements of accepting Christ, to subscribe to a creed is, I think, contrary to the whole principle of the freedom which is Christ. The basis of any man's faith is largely conditioned by experience, just as philosophy is always the outgrowth of experience—no man *has* a philosophy, he *acquires* a philosophy. Just as philosophy is born out of experience, so is our effort to know the truth of Christ!

I think that all the revelation which science has brought to the world in the microscope and the telescope, in the experiments in nuclear and fissure tissue in our new understanding of what constitutes the basis of energy, in the formula of Einstein, who gave the scientific world the formula for releasing the energy in matter—that was the very basis of all of our atomic experimentation, releasing the energy which is in matter—but all of the illumination of the universe and all of the scientific explanation of the universe, whether we base it upon the principle of evolutionary naturalism or the compositivism of Immanuel Kant, in philosophy, or any other effort to understand the cosmos, and the mind of the cosmos, still leaves God the elusive reality. And the uniqueness of Christ, as the basis of true Christianity, is to be found in what I think is an undeniable truth—that of all of the personalities who have come in and out of human history in all the annals of recorded time, when men have been analyzing the greatness of personality and the achievement of the human intellect, there stands above them all—a million miles above them all—the personality and the mind of Christ, the great cosmic interpreter of the Divine.

Any Christianity worthy the name is a Christianity which attempts to evaluate the character of the Divine and the scope of the cosmos through the inspiration and revelation of Christ! Therefore, if you would know what God is like—and we can only approximate a similarity—but if you would know what God is like, look into the heart of Christ; if you would really have an adequate understanding and appreciation of the reality of God, look into the face of the Galilean poet and the peasant of Palestine—for the uniqueness of Christ is not in His ethical or moral message to man! Christ was not an original thinker in the realm of moral philosophy, and He made no pretense of being. And you will find that the uniqueness of Christ is not in any doctrine which He taught and not in any theory which He advanced. The uniqueness of Christ, and His permanency, is to be found in the fact that He *was* the instrument through which the Spirit of God, of Love, of Beauty, of Truth, of Purpose, was revealed to mankind! His uniqueness is not in the uniqueness of His birth, for Christianity is only one of many religions of history that have promulgated the idea of a supernatural birth! He was not unique in that theory at all! There are other religions of the world that have propagandized the same origin. It was not in the fact that He asked people to unite with any church, because there was no church when He lived—none—

for Him to ask people to join! It was not that He asked them to subscribe to any creed, because there was no creed when He lived!

The uniqueness of this altogether increasing, powerful personality of history is to be found in the fact that any person—and you can take every experience of the synoptic Gospels; you can take the mystical interpretation of the Christ spirit as given by the Greek prophecist, John, which you will read in the Gospel according to John; you can take all of the synoptic Gospels, and every person, every person, from the woman wallowing in remorse and stained with sin, to Zachariah and Nicodemus and the woman at the well and the man with the unclean spirits and the woman with the issue of blood and the man with the withered hand and the man who had lost a loved one and a friend, you can take the whole record of the synoptic Gospels of the Master, and what do you find as the basis of true Christianity—no human life ever came into His presence without being healed! Healed in body; healed in soul; healed in spirit! He was the incarnation of the power of the Divine! And the purity and the beauty of His own life was of such a quality that God had an uncontaminated medium through which He could manifest His power to the needs of humanity! And here's Christianity—and the only Christianity that matters! Christianity is not a creed; Christianity is not a church—Christianity is Christ! And the only thing in Christianity that matters today is *not* the great super-organizations of religion and the intellectual anxieties over what constitutes the truth—it is none of those things!

The power of Christianity today is manifested in the fact that no one comes into the aura of the presence of Christ who does not change his attitude toward life. You can't meet this Man without changing your mind—you change it about money; you change it about fame; you change it about wealth; you change it about power; you change it about war—this Man is the great mind-changer of human history, and coming into His presence you change your mind! That is conversion at its highest and at its best! I have just finished, for the seventh or eighth time, that great book by Rudolph Eucken. And as I finished it the other night in a Pullman, and switched out my light, the last sentence of that book was ringing in my ears. It will be my last sentence of the sermon this morning. Says Rudolph Eucken: "My dear reader, the question is not '*Can* we still be Christians?' the question is '*DARE* we be Christians?' "

BOOK CHATS

ON Oct. 16th Dr. Bradley based his Sunday morning sermon on Anne Morrow Lindbergh's *Gift from the Sea*. He entitled his sermon "The Answer to the Conflicts in Our Lives." It is here given as a book review:

Over twenty-five thousand books were published last year in the United States! Twenty-five thousand! Obviously, the most omnivorous reader could only read a fraction of them. Many of them were not worth reading, not worth publishing, but obviously it

was possible to read only a very small portion of the books which were published. I happen to have developed the capacity for very rapid reading. It is something that anyone can acquire. I read from two to three books a week and I read most of those books after I have retired at night. Once in a blue moon there comes a book that is so fundamentally important, so beautiful, and revealing such a quality of appreciation of the true values of life, that no one can afford to miss it. And very rarely in my entire ministry and in the Sunday morning service, have I ever said about a book what I am going to say now about Anne Morrow Lindbergh's book GIFT FROM THE SEA! And if I do nothing else in this sermon this morning except call your attention to the importance and the greatness of this book, and stimulate you sufficiently that you will go out and read this book, this service will be for you an epic-making experience! Here is the one book of the entire year of 1955 that I have chosen as the subject of a sermon because I think it is so important, so beautifully written, with a lucidity of diction, with an apprehension of the spiritual values of life—the revelation of the quest of a soul through the beauty of solitude to find a sense of reality in life—Anne Morrow Lindbergh's GIFT FROM THE SEA! If you haven't read it, put every other reading that you're doing aside! There is only one book at the moment that I know of, that you ought *not* to put aside for this book, and that is the Bible!

This is the book now to read, right in this moment! Please do not be confused about it. It is not one of those "How To" books, or containing a lot of "magic" formulas, nor is it in the category of "quasi-psychology", where people want you to take a deep breath and sit cross-legged on the floor and your troubles are all over—there isn't any "magic" of that sort in this book at all, and there isn't any of these things in it that people seem to respond to so effectively. I know a man who came out of California a few weeks ago to the City of Chicago, came here on a lecture trip. He gives the first three or four lectures free. It costs you nothing to get in, and then the people pay $25 and $50 or $100 to hear ten of those lectures—and the man goes out of Chicago with $15,000 or $20,000 that people have paid to hear some "magic" formula about success or health or some of the problems of life! And if *I* should do that you would hear a howl! He comes in and stays four weeks then goes, and that's the end of it! And the people sit there while he outlines "How To Be Happy, Though Married!", "How To Make Your Adjustments!", "How To Get This" and "How to Get That" and "How To Get The Other"!

That, ladies and gentlemen, is not in *this* book! It is more profound and fundamental and truly spiritual, for the whole book throbs with the vitality and with the power that comes from spiritual disciplining—and the one thing that people don't want these days is discipline! "Sacrifice" is a very unpopular word in our vocabulary. We don't like the word "discipline"! We want somebody to give us a "magic" formula; we want somebody to write a book on THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING and say: "You just read this book and your problems are all over—you won't have any!" We want peace of mind and peace of soul; we want the experience of spiritual power *without* being willing to sacrifice for it! In other words, it is the old adage, "We want our cake, but we want to eat it too!", and that is *not* the technique for the development of

spiritual power. Nor is it the technique for the development of health; nor is it the spirit for the technique for the development of an awareness of the Infinite!

All the great souls who have found "at-oneness", which is the true atonement, who have found "at onement" with God have always found it through heartaches and tears and disappointments and frustrations and sorrow! It is out of the *depths* of life that spiritual perception is born! That is why the individual who has never had to face life in terms of a struggle—what does *he* know about success; nothing! That is why the individual who has never found it necessary to meet the battlefield of ill-health or the heartbreak of moral collapse—what does *he* know about spiritual atonement; nothing!

Anne Morrow Lindbergh came from a splendid background—I knew her father, Senator Morrow of New Jersey, and I had one of the most delightful voyages across the Atlantic Ocean I have ever had in my life with her mother, Mrs. Dwight Morrow! Every evening for five days I sat by her side at a dinner table on the ship, and I learned something about Anne Morrow from her mother! Mothers are pretty good authorities on their children! And the visits which I had with Mrs. Morrow on the Atlantic turned my interest toward Anne and Col. Lindbergh as nothing else had! Anne Morrow Lindbergh was born in Englewood, New Jersey. Anne was a graduate of Smith College and in Smith College she took a course in "creative" writing! It was a part of her soul to begin with, but it was accentuated by her understanding of the technique of creative writing! That's why I put the word "creative" in the title of my book HAPPINESS THROUGH *CREATIVE* LIVING; it isn't there by accident! Creative! And she schooled herself in that great college in the technique of *creative* writing. She used to spend her summers on a little island off the Coast of Maine; sometimes at Martha's Vineyard, sometimes at Cape Cod. She was very fortunate in having the social and financial background that has ruined lesser girls. The daughter of a very rich man, one of the richest men in the country, Senator Morrow; brought up in the social atmosphere and refinement of great wealth and belonging socially to the "proper" group wherever she went. But it only deepened Anne Morrow's appreciation of the true values of life! Great wealth has ruined a lot of people; social prestige has destroyed many a noble heart, but not hers. She would sometimes spend her summer, as a youngster, in the Bahamas!

When she was in her senior year in Smith College she went to visit her father who was then the United States Ambassador to Mexico. I have been in his home in Cuernavaca, not far from Mexico City. She went to visit her father, and one night she happened to meet a young aviator who was working out air routes in Central and South America—his name was Charles Lindbergh—and a very beautiful, continuing love affair grew out of that moment in Mexico City! And she became so thrilled with what he was doing—and fortunate the man who has a wife who is interested in what her husband is trying to do; there isn't any greater inspiration that a man can have than to have by his side a woman who appreciates him and who is sympathetic to his work—and from their first meeting Anne became interested in aviation! And not very many people know that she was the first woman ever to be granted a glider-pilot's license—

the first one—and she flew by his side, and does, continuously, all over the world in the pioneering work which the Colonel has been doing in aviation! I shall not mention, neither does she in the book, what is in the background of all of our hearts—that unutterable tragedy that came into their life. That did something to them both—and tragedy has a way of doing that to people! The people who have never known it miss some great quality of understanding and, particularly, of sympathy with others! And after their marriage, and after the tragedy, five children have come to grace their family and John, the oldest boy now, is married to a lovely young lady who is now a member of the family—so six of them, and when the Colonel is home, seven of them, sit around their table. She met her responsibilities as a mother and as the wife of a man in public life, which is one of the most difficult roles a woman ever has to play, and out of all the experiences she missed something! Because her life was hectic and confused, meeting her responsibility in an infinite number of little details —for she ran her household superbly —and in the rearing of small children and in all the responsibilities which she had—one day she said. "Im going away alone to a little island! I'm not going to take very much with me!" She took up the rugs in her little cottage up there because it was easier to sweep ocean sand off the floor; she even took down the curtains because she said the pine trees were enough! She denuded her house, her little cottage! She took very few clothes—she lived simply, she ate simply, she just simply tried to find the elemental solitude that feeds the soul!

She has given her record of those few days in this little book GIFT FROM THE SEA. She said: "You can't hurry the sea! You mustn't dig into the sea and the sand—you must wait for the sea!" And so the shell which she picked up, the inhabitant of which had long since crawled away and made a temporary home for the hermit crab, and it too had disappeared, she held in her hand as her GIFT FROM THE SEA! It was the gift of finding one's self again through proper proportion and values—the sea always does that; the woods and the trees!

Friday evening I watched the sun set from a wooded estate of over 800 acres in Wisconsin where the Rainbow Springs Farm is located. And one of the best friends this church ever had, or I ever had, Mr. Titus Haffa, now has possession of that great and beautiful park. I watched the wild ducks come in; I watched the pheasants fly; I saw the night deepen! And when my eyes opened yesterday morning the first thing I saw in the lodge where we were staying was a little chipmunk on the window sill looking in the window! You don't see *that* in Chicago!

The sea and the sky and the elemental things of nature—these are the things that destroy the superficial; these are the things that rob us of the near—we get back to the elemental beauty of nature! And when we do, we're very near to God! *Then* we can go back into the activity of life and make our own activity *more* efficacious because we have been in the presence of God!

DR. BRADLEY'S BOOK LECTURES

Wednesday Evenings in February

February 1—"THE RIGHT TO READ"—Paul Blanshard
February 8—"PROFILES IN COURAGE"—John F. Kennedy
February 15—"THE SCROLLS FROM THE DEAD SEA"—Edmund Wilson
February 22—"ADMIRAL OF THE OCEAN SEA"—Samuel Eliot Morison
By Rev. Waldemar Argow of Cedar Rapids
February 29—"INSIDE AFRICA"—John Gunther
By Rev. Waldemar Argow of Cedar Rapids

The Following New Members Were Welcomed Into The Peoples Church Sunday, January 1, 1956

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Barkley.....4140 N. Melvina Ave.
Mr. Hampton Burkes.....1732 Leland Ave., Evanston, Illinois
Miss Florence Harding.....629 Country Lane, Glencoe, Illinois
Mr. and Mrs. Ronald L. Hoffman.....5028 Agatite Ave.
Miss Anne Householder.....800 Davis St., Kalamazoo, Michigan
Miss Gloria M. Laiche.....1732 Leland Ave., Evanston, Illinois
Miss Roann McComb.....544 Wellington Ave.
(from Trinity Methodist Church, Kansas City, Mo.)
Mrs. Charles G. Parks.....629 Country Lane, Glencoe, Illinois
Mrs. Anna Schramm.....25 N. Lorel Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. William Trethaway.....854 Leland Ave.
Mrs. Hollis Walther.....905 Carmen Ave.
Mr. and Mrs. R. Graham White.....1900 Sunnyside Ave.

GIRL SCOUTS

Girl Scout Troop No. 187 has openings for girls between the ages of 10 and 14. Meeting every Thursday night, Anderson Hall, 7 to 8:30.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

ALONG time ago I wrote in one of my articles about a favorite teacher of mine when I was in Fifth Grade. Her name was Miss Young. I remember just how she looked. To me then she seemed sort of motherly, like someone I wanted to throw my arms around and be hugged in return. She was encouraging also and showed an interest in what I was to do later on in life. I still remember that interest in my future. And I recall that we had an art lesson in which I had copied a rather ambitious picture

from the story of Rip Van Winkle. She had praised the picture highly—said I had shown good action in it in drawing the man's figure. She kept the picture, exhibited it and I never was able to get it, though all my life I have wished that I might have it. When she asked what I was going to do when I was through with schooling, I told her: "I'm going to study to be a stenographer." Many a time since I have wished I might have "studied to be an artist." I have often wondered if she hoped I would study art. Such are the impressions that a school teacher who is really interested in her "charges" may leave with them.

A short time after joining the Peoples Church I became acquainted with Miss Thomason, who was so interested in our Sunday School. One day she spoke of going to visit a Miss Young, a school teacher friend of hers, and thus it was I heard of "my Miss Young." She was too ill for me to visit her but I wrote her a letter relating her influence upon me, how I had always loved her memory since childhood, and telling about the incident of the drawing.

Every mother and every teacher can realize from my little story what a fine impression they can leave with a child if, whenever it is necessary to reprimand a child they will first find something to praise, so the child will realize that they really do some fine things as well as doing some wrong ones. I have forgotten all the reprimands ever given me (except two from my mother) but I have never forgotten Miss Young's praise and interest in me.

All of the foregoing wasn't what I started to write about at all, but it was brought to my mind by an experience Mrs. Bradley had with her children in the Fifth Grade a few days ago. As I thought of June Bradley and her Fifth Graders, I realized she might be having such an influence on some of them as Miss Young had exerted over me.

June came into the Study and placed a stack of little papers on Dr. Bradley's desk, as she said, "Look at the poems my children wrote." Sure enough, here was verse after verse and one or two very lengthy ones, five and six stanzas long.

June said she had read Lew Sarett's "Wolf Cry" to the children. Then she had asked them to give her phrases expressing the feeling of the cold and snow in the Arctic regions. These little phrases were placed on the blackboard. Next they were asked to compose a verse of poetry expressing thoughts remembered from the story told in "Wolf Cry." Most of the children wrote one verse, but a few wrote more. Two became so enthusiastic they wanted to take theirs home to add some more verses. The following is one submitted by Clinton Johnson:

ALONE

The fast and freezing wind
Comes screaming from the North
Through the bushes and the trees
As I sit here by the hearth.

I shiver as I sit here,
Sit here all alone;
My dog munches happily
On a juicy bone.

I take out a book of mine
And happily start to read;
It's a very interesting story,
'Bout Johnny Appleseed.

It's all 'bout Johnny Appleseed,
And all the things he did;
I read exactly the same book
When I was just a kid.

He planted seeds where e'er he went
Down rivers, streams and lakes;
He was very sly and clever—
He could cure all kinds of aches.

One day when he was planting
He just fell down and died;
Everyone felt very sad—
Some people even cried.

And as I lay my book aside,
My loneliness is gone,
As I think of days gone by,
And of the things I've done.

When children of nine or ten years of age can in their imagination project themselves into future years and dream by their hearthfires, what may not their imaginations do for them when the future years arrive! And here is one by William Frantz, who really felt the cold of the Arctic:

THE COLD ARCTIC

Part I

I saw the lonely Tundra
As white as white can be,
And there was snow for miles and miles—
As far as I could see.

I heard the distant wolf cry
Whistling through the snow;
Where it came from—I wonder—
For then I did not know.

It was a terrible, lonely feeling,
As the dying sun went down;
And the sky changed colors
From light gray to brown.

The moon came up early
On that dark and stormy night,
And I saw visions in the sky
As the sun made smouldering light.

And then a terrible storm came up,
And the wind started to blow;
It howled across the great white plain,
And I fell on the cold, hard snow.

The snow felt cold and icy,
And I almost froze to death;
And the snow was so thick and blinding
I could hardly see my breath.

Part II

I was rescued a few hours later
And was unconscious for an hour,
But in my head I could see the land
That the wolf had started to devour.

I took the next train home that day
And was glad to get away
From the cold, cold Arctic,
Where I never meant to stay.

Perhaps some day in 1981 or sooner, a new Lew Sarett, John Masefield or William Wordsworth may be hitching his wagon to the star of poetry—and all because June Bradley encouraged some nine- and ten-year-old children to exercise their imaginations. More power to you, June.

I couldn't find Lew Sarett's "Wolf Cry," but here are a few lines from his "Wind in the Pine:"

Oh, I can hear you, God, above the cry
Of tossing trees—
Rolling your windy tides across the sky,
And splashing your silver seas
Over the pine,
To the water line
Of the moon.

Wash over me, God, with your piney breeze,
And your moon's wet silver pool;
Wash over me, God, with your wind and night
And leave me clean and cool.

After this one quote, we will open the Mail Bag: "Great art is an instant arrested in eternity." — Huneker. (From "1000 Beautiful Things.")

* * *

Dr. Bradley addressed the great 4-H Congress at the Conrad Hilton on a recent Sunday where about 1500 youth were in attendance. He received three lovely letters from young delegates from Tennessee:

"I wish to express my most sincere thanks to you for the wonderful speech you gave us today at the 4-H Assembly at the Conrad Hilton. Everyone agrees that you need not worry about boring an audience with your speeches. We enjoyed your speech more than we could ever express in mere words and I believe I would be correct in saying: "We hope you keep up this battle against the hypocrites who down youth." We will always be behind you and we shall strive to never give you cause to be ashamed of ourselves or our conduct.

"We shall be looking forward to your appearance in the State of Tennessee."

William J. Eddington.

* * *

"I would like to take this opportunity to express my thanks for the inspiring oratory which you delivered to us this afternoon at the Conrad Hilton. I am one of 34 Tennessee delegates to Club Congress and I know that all of us enjoyed your speech. If only there were more men in the world who thought as you on the subject of youth, the youth of America would be better off.

"I am going to take your challenge and try in my humble way to pick up where you have left off. I think every one at Congress feels the same as I and will try to better this failing world from this moment on.

"Again I thank you for your most inspiring speech."

Jim Felts

* * *

"I have never heard a better speech in all my life than the one I just heard from you. If all adults understood the youth of today as you do, there would not even be three percent of the youth get in trouble.

"When we came to Chicago we expected a lot, but nothing like what we just heard from you. I feel you have started our National 4-H Club Congress off with the greatest spirit we have ever had.

"I would like to thank you for your wonderful speech, and for taking time to talk with us. I only wish we might have heard you for a longer time.

"Thank you very much for your time."

Buford R. Abbott

* * *

A grateful note came from Francis Howe, of the M. J. Kossack Real Estate Company:

"Your suggestion, a week ago last Sunday, of daily sending someone a letter of thanks is a great idea; but in my case it would take a whole year, instead of a month, to make the rounds.

"My wife and I have many things to thank you for, the greatest of which was your daily prayer for my healing last winter, when I was passing through about the darkest period of my life. Thank you, Dr. Bradley. We also owe a special vote of thanks to God for sending you here among us earthly mortals.

"I pray every week for him to guide all your steps to where He would have you be, and to place the words in your mouth that He would have you say. I think those prayers are being answered because you really said some words last Sunday. Good thing you weren't saying them a few hundred years ago; you'd have been tarred and feathered and boiled in oil. We caught most of it on a record. Going to have several copies made, with your permission, and send them to a lot of folks where I think it will do some good.

"Our best wishes from Mrs. Howe and me to you and your lovely wife, June."

* * *

Dr. Bradley had asked David Clarke, Secretary of the Albert Schweitzer College in Churwalden, Switzerland, where Dr. Bradley has lectured the past two summers, to send some literature to two ladies who had made inquiry about the college. In answering, Mr. Clarke said:

"We are now in the middle of the first term of our One Year Course and it is going very well. Our students range from 18 to 39 years of age and are from seven different nations. As

you may imagine, it's a scramble to get everything done. I divide my time between lecturer, supervisor, translator at lectures, secretary and caretaker. Therese Casparis does the language teaching and supervises the kitchen, filling up her spare time also with letter writing. Dr. Hans Casparis, who of course is teaching in Chur, is living in the College, and gives two lectures a week and generally controls the work of all of us.

"Let us then wish you all the best from all of us!"

* * *

In a recent WBKB program Dr. Bradley gave a "plug" for CARE and on January 17th received the following interesting letter from Martha L. David, Director of Midwest CARE Office at 189 W. Madison St.:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

A brief and most inadequate note to tell you how very, very grateful CARE is for your oustanding help during our FOOD CRUSADE.

I'm sure you must know what a tremendous response we received from your plugs on TV and I must say I was terribly impressed with the thousands of people who are so very devoted to you.

You seemed to bring out a wonderful spirit of brotherhood and goodness in these people for their letters were most heartwarming.

Needless to say, the real thanks due you is from the countless little children and needy families overseas who benefitted from your efforts when your friends sent contributions to CARE. I wish you could see for yourself the expressions of joy on their faces when they opened their CARE packages of food. I'm sure it would have warmed your heart.

I know this is a poor attempt at expressing our appreciation to you, but I hope you'll accept it with all the sincerity with which it is sent.

Cordially,

Martha L. David

* * *

And Martha David sent the following letter to Dr. Bradley in December, as being one she thought he would enjoy seeing:

Dear Sir:

This is my contribution to your marvelous endeavor, CARE. I do hope this will feed some poor, unfortunate one.

I listened to Dr. Preston Bradley on Sunday. I think he is just marvelous! May God bless and keep him.

Sincerely yours,

Mahalia Jackson

* * *

From Louise A. Hunsinger, Executive Secretary, Grand Rapids Real Estate Board, the following is self-explanatory:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

You are the only person who has been invited by the Grand Rapids Real Estate Board to be its guest speaker a second time for its annual Constitution Day meeting.

A number of my friends in the teaching profession have told me of the inspiration your address brought to their students and that the students refer almost daily thereto.

I have no doubt that the students who participated in our program were an inspiration to you; your address spoke for your confidence in our young people and presented a challenge to them.

Very truly yours,

Louise A. Hunsinger, Exec. Sec.

* * *

Jenny L. Smith, aged 94, a resident of the British Home in Brookfield,

Illinois, sent Dr. Bradley the following poem she wrote in 1950:

THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

"Ocean, thou mighty Monster;"
Thou great mysterious deep,
The harbor of leviathan
Who with a powerful sweep
Disports himself within thy depths
With monstrous dive and leap.

Of huge proportions, spacious
In all his ponderous build,
His storage is capacious,
With varied wealth he's filled;
But danger lurks where he is found,
Who fights him must be skilled;
Yet he's a herring when compared with thee,
O thou impassioned, thou relentless sea.

* * *

Mr. F. Kranz, of 4707 N. Long Ave., sent to Dr. Bradley the following copy of a letter he had written to Polk Brothers in connection with Dr. Bradley's television program. Perhaps if others were to write a similar letter it might help toward having the program reinstated, as there has been much disappointment and discontent expressed over the loss of this fine program from the TV waves:

Polk Bros.,
2850 Central Avenue, Chicago 34.

Gentlemen:

We tried again Sunday morning to get Dr. Preston Bradley on Channel 7 and are now taking the liberty of writing you because it's such a deep disappointment not to find him there.

Many others feel the same way—especially those who are unable to attend the church service and so look to the television and radio broadcast for the comfort and inspiration Dr. Bradley always brings into our homes and hearts—and certainly the pleasure is so much greater when we can watch him on our television screen.

We can't help wondering when Dr. Bradley will be visiting with us again through the medium of television—may we hear from you?—and in any event, may God bless you for the spirit that prompted you to bring this great personality into our homes in the past.

Eagerly awaiting your reply—

F. Kranz.

* * *

KEEP ON THE BEAM

A LETTER FROM ADLAI STEVENSON

St. Mary's Road
Libertyville,
Illinois

My dear Preston:

I have just read your declaration of religious freedom and unity in Monday's Sun-Times.

I don't know whether you heard my cheer. In case you didn't, I'm sending this note with my applause, my thanks to *you,* and my thanks to God *for* you. And it isn't the first time, either, for I can say with Paul that "I thank God for every remembrance of you."

Faithfully,

Adlai E. Stevenson.

Jan. 18, 1956.
Libertyville,

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

~~NOVEMBER~~ DECEMBER

1—Address. Annual Meeting. National Farm Home Assn. Hotel Clark. Princeton, Ill.

2—Wedding.
Funeral.
Attended Authors Reception by Friends of the Library.

4—TV Broadcast. WBKB-TV.
Two services. Peoples Church.

5—Two funerals.
Address. Congregational Ministers Assoc. Y.W.C.A.
Address. Silent Prayer Sanctuary.

6—Richard Finnegan Memorial Luncheon. Chicago Sun-Times. Bal Tabarin Room. Sherman Hotel.

7—Funeral.
Annual Award Luncheon. Chicago Commission on Human Relations. Gold Room. Congress Hotel.
Address. Annual Dinner. Aurora Real Estate Board. Masonic Temple. Aurora, Illinois.

8—Two funerals.
Made four recordings.
Address. Men's Club Banquet. Methodist Church. Park Ridge.

9—Wedding.
Address. Uptown Assoc. of Commerce. Edgewater Beach Hotel.
Reception to Sir Berkeley Gage and Lady Gage. English Speaking Union.
Address. Sunday School Dinner. People's Church.

10—Funeral.
TV Broadcast. WBKB-TV.
Two services. Peoples Church.

13—Address. Annual Christmas Party. Borrowed Time Club. Covenant Methodist Church, Evanston, Illinois.
Sick call.

14—Funeral.
Wedding.
Hospital calls.

16—Church School. Annual Christmas party.

17—Three weddings.
Funeral.

18—TV Broadcast. WBKB-TV.
Morning Sermon. Peoples Church.
Annual Candle Light and Christmas Pageant.

21—Wedding.

23—Received members of Channing Club and Choir for Carols and Dessert.

24—Christmas Eve Service.

25—Two Weddings.
TV Broadcast. WBKB-TV.
Morning Christmas Day service.
Christening.

27—Wedding.

28—Sick Call.

29—Conference in Study.

30—Christening.
Address. Psychiatric Patients. Michael Reese Hospital.
Tea and reception, home of Henry Webber and Marian Clair, married by Dr. Bradley many years ago.

31—Two Weddings.
Funeral.
Annual Address. Iroquois Memorial Assn., Chicago Public Libray.
Watch Night Service. Peoples Church.

WEDDINGS

2—Adeline Weum and Mario Tini
9—Louise Belshaw and Ernest S. Hahn
14—Cecelia Neumann and Joseph Alvin Steinbraker
17—Joan Hayes and John Hiles
Edith Morrison and Joseph Delizioso
Zella Shaster and Stanley C. Grzelak
21—Norma Short and Edward Green
25—Gloria Evans and Richard Szymanski
Rosemarie Kraemer and Reinhold Sager
27—Evelyn L. Mertz and Charles T. Collett
31—Patricia A. Livesey and Robert J. Mueller
Louise H. Worley and George S. Sands

FUNERALS

2—Ralph James Newall
5—Arthur N. Fischer
Mrs. Daisy Mathews
7—Robert R. Brenton
8—Lewis H. Bope
Gladys E. McNabb
10—Raymond George Palo
14—Frank J. Stippe
17—Richard Yale Kennard, Jr.
24—John A. Dix
31—Joseph M. Jetseck

CHRISTENINGS

25 Stanley Robert Twitchell II, son of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Robert Twitchell
30—William Robert Schroeder, son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Schroeder

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Gregg Carter, Director Religious Education.....9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Evening Service .....7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures.....8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, February 6, Literature Department, Mrs. Mark W. Bradway, Chairman, presenting Mrs. Herbert Walton, of Park Ridge, Illinois, in a Book Review of "Good Morning, Miss Dove," by Francis G. Patton. Hostesses: Mrs. Helen Eddins, Mrs. Charlotte Spencer, Mrs. Margaret Barnett.....1:00 p.m.

Monday, February 20, Annual Birthday Party and Reception to New Members. Chairman, Mrs. Walter J. Springer. Co-chairmen, Mrs. John Raven, Mrs. William Farnsworth. For members only.....1:00 p.m.

Professional and Business Woman's Club—Tuesday, February 14, presenting Mr. Frank Droltz, Interior Designer with The John M. Smyth Co., recently returned from Europe. His subject: "You and Your Home." The public is welcome. Refreshments.....8:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Tuesday, Feb. 28, Anderson Hall, presenting Dr. Rufus W. Lee, with the most complete and authentic film of the Jiboros (the most dagerous, warlike and most-feared Indians of the Amazon jungle); see head hunters' ceremonies and head shrinking. Open to public. Guest fee, 50c. Refreshments.....8:00 p.m.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, as announced, Anderson Hall.....8.00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Sunday. New Members Welcomed..... 9:30 a.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Friday, Bradley Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S BROADCASTING SCHEDULE

WBKB-TV, Channel 7, Every Sunday.....9:30 a.m.

WJJD—Every Sunday morning.....11:00 to 12:00 noon

Subscription Coupon

The Peoples Church of Chicago,
941 Lawrence Avenue,
Chicago 40, Illinois

Please enter my subscription for THE LIBERALIST for One Year beginning with the current number. Enclosed find check . . . money order for $2.00

Name .....

Address.....

City.....**State**.....

"Happiness Through Creative Living"

by Preston Bradley

Hanover House Garden City, N.Y.

(Dr. Bradley's new book, published February 1st)
Available at all book stores and in the church office.

DIRECTORY

THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

PASTOR

Preston Bradley, LL.D., DD.

EXECUTIVE OFFICERS

H. B. Hunter, President
2304 Farwell Ave. (45) AMbassador 2-0561

Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Vice President
4231 N. Oakley Ave. (18) Keystone 9-6233

Thos. A. Harrison, Sec'y-Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) LOngbeach 1-6878

May H. Harrison, Secretary
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) LOngbeach 1-6878

BOARD OF TRUSTEES

Wm. L. Berglund	H. B. Hunter
Robert Crosswhite	Mrs. A. S. Kredler
C. L. Frederick	L. E. McCloy
Thos. A. Harrison	John N. Powell

COMMITTEES—Finance Committee

C. L. Frederick, Chairman
Mr. Thos. A. Harrison
Mr. John N. Powell

Auditing Committee

Mr. L. C. McCloy, Chairman
Mr. Wm. L. Berglund

Church Service Committee

Mr. Wm. L. Berglund, Chairman
All members of the Board assisting

Social Committee

Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Chr. Mr. L. E. McCloy
Mr. Robert Crosswhite Mr. Karl H. Lemke
Mr. Harold Hansen Mr. Wm. L. Berglund

Membership Committee

Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Chairman
Mrs. Frank Bryan
Mr. Wm. L. Berglund Mr. L. E. McCloy

Music Committee

Mrs. A. S. Kredler, Chairman
Mr. L. E. McCloy

Contributions and Pledge Committee

Mrs. May H. Harrison Miss Virginia Tolk
Mrs. Frank Bryan Mrs. H. B. Hunter

Literature Table—Mrs. Frank Bryan

Mrs. William Emrich

Floral Chairman—Mrs. Jacob Tolk

Mrs. May H. Harrison

Musical Directory

Frank L. Bennett, Director of Music
Karen Swanson, Pianist
Cathryn Bennett, Organist
5465 W. Thomas St. (51)
EStebrook 8-0116

SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

Mr. Gregg Carter, Director Religious Education
Mrs. May H. Harrison, Treasurer
941 Lawrence Ave. (40) LOngbeach 1-0472
Mrs. Charlotte Rosseter, Secretary
4183 Clarendon Ave. (40) DIversey 8-2541

CHOIR

George Jensen, President
2033 Bradley Pl. (40) BIttersweet 8-5037
Miss Barbara Weisman, Vice-President
6440 N. Damen Ave. (45)
Rogers Park 4-1327
Paul Peters, Treasurer
Miss Marie A. Tilles, Secretary
Mrs. Esther Nonnenbruch, Soc. Chrmn.
Yvonne Bills, Librarian

USHER'S CLUB

Waldo C. Moe, President
5449 N. Lamon Ave. (30)
MUlberry 5-6548
Harold Jones, Vice President
6561 Oconto Ave. (31) SPring 4-4349
Harold E. Hansen, Secretary
2218 W. Carmen Ave. (25)
EDgewater 4-5998
Fred Soell, Treasurer
3107 Belle Plaine Ave. (18)
Frank Bryan, Sergeant at Arms
949 Lawrence Ave. (40) ARdmore 1-4448

WOMAN'S CLUB

Mrs. Grace Thayer Bradley, Hon. Pres.
In Memoriam
Mrs. Harry D. Stone, President
4950 Marine Drive (40)
RAvenswood 8-7912
Mrs. Wilbur A. Winbaugh, 1st Vice-Pres.
3130 N. Lake Shore Drive (14)
GRaceland 7-2455
Mrs. James F. Coughlin, 2nd Vice-Pres.
1221 Granville Ave. (40)
AMbassador 2-0621
Mrs. Hyman H. Lurie, Rec. Sec.
7320 N. Ridge Ave. (45)
SHeldrake 3-7175
Mrs. Henry A. Mehrle, Corr. Sec.
4442 N. Magnolia Ave. (40)
LOngbeach 1-2468
Mrs. Charles C. Craig, Treasurer
5220 W. Warner Ave. (41)
AVenue 3-8194

Directors

Miss Edith Anderberg, Mrs. Christ Larsen, Mrs. Frank Bryan, Mrs. Charles Tabor Randall and Mrs. Walter J. Springer.

THE PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

Miss Marie Tilles, President,
5642 N. Magnolia Ave. (40)
UPtown 8-9877
Mrs. Florence Curtis, Vice-President
1435 Elmdale Ave. (26) UPtown 8-0037
Miss Joanne Plett, Treasurer, Apt. F-1,
911 Carmen Ave. (40) SUnnyside 4-0320
Miss Dollie Kolberg, Rec. Sec.
4340 N. Wolcott (13) GRaceland 2-4793
Mrs. Peggy Noble, Corr. Sec.
930 W. Argyle St. (40) SUnnyside 4-7413

MEN'S CLUB

Harlow D. Stevens, Pres. UNiversity 4-1232
624 Oakton St., Evanston, Ill.
Arthur George, Vice-Pres. SUnnyside 4-4603
4519 N. Sheridan Rd. (40)
Harold E. Hansen, Sec. EDgewater 4-5998
2218 W. Carmen Ave. (25)
William Emrich, Treas. SUnnyside 4-9101
4840 N. Sheridan Rd. (40)
Frank Bryan, Sergeant at Arms

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder and Director
In Memoriam

CHANNING CLUB

Mary McCoy, Pres. UPtown 8-4567
1060 Wilson Ave. (40)
George Jensen, V.P. BIttersweet 8-5037
2033 Bradley Pl. (18)
Don Anderson, Sec., 5404 Ardmore (30)
Vicki Staton, Treas., 616 Barry Ave. (14)

SENIOR GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 97

Mrs. Carl Swanson, Leader
4249 N. Greenview (13) LAkeview 5-8708

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187

Miss Joanne M. Plett, Leader, Apt. F-1,
911 Carmen Ave. (40) SUnnyside 4-0320

INTERMEDIATE GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 860

Mrs. Kenneth Hudson, Leader
4531 N. Greenview (13) SUnnyside 4-1976

BROWNIE SCOUT TROOP NO. 630

Mrs. Michael Krauvice, Leader
931 Lakeside Ave. (40) UPtown 8-7497